

2Pac Lyrics

"This Life I Lead"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

In this motherfucking life I lead, shit
A hell of motherfucking road blocks
And crooked cops
We still ride though
What side? Westside

[2Pac:]

I want money in large amounts
My garage full of cars that bounce
Movin' my tapes in major ways, 'cause every dollar counts
Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks
They runnin' off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump
They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary
Why you frontin' like you Billy Badass? Nigga, you scary
I've been knowin' you for years
We was high school peers, in junior high
I was itchin' to kill, and you was ready to die
While you bullshittin', niggas was dyin' and catchin' cases
Bustin' my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign places
Leavin' no trace, they see my face and they buried
Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never worried
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride
Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die
It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga, it's how it is
Homie got into a fight last night that killed his kids

[2Pac:]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
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Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Young Noble:]

I ain't a killer but don't push me, dawg
For the family I'll send that ass straight to God
In this life I lead, I seen the most of my 23 years
When vision is blurry, the money is clear
Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin
And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious
It happen that fast, split second you gone
At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"
Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor, for Kadafi the Prince
I stack dough like I clocked all the bricks

With a watch on my wrist, dawg, I know the time these days
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way nigga (nigga)
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that
Whatever you took, we takin' it back
You know it's all for the foundation
Outlawz, we still buildin' the Thug Nation; holla at ya homie!

[2Pac:]

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[Napoleon:]

It ain't nothin' but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin' hot
Got a problem, old fag-ass nigga, kick rocks
Bin Laden on the phone and that nigga talkin' crazy
I don't know who to blame, him or *Bush* for killin' babies
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel
Only got one shot to produce on every level
This is bags I must, go the max I must
Nigga, I came from not much, so money I clutch
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm
When they think they was in the right
I prove they movin' wrong
I'm a hardcore product of the ghetto
Been blessed fo' sho' to eat from out the ghetto
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains
Switchin' to the left lane, I'm playin' my hands
And I'm plottin' on the fortune, it's gettin' hot and scorchin'
I'm diggin' like a scorpion that torture they enemies

[2Pac:]

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[Kastro:]

Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced to
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer
Steady seducin' us and now I'm all for it
This the life for me and the law can't spoil it
So you can call it what the fuck you want
But I'm a ballin' alcoholic with a sawed-off pump
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac

So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'
Been puttin' in work, so I walk with a bop
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a Glock (no mistakes)
Thug livin', uh, what the fuck'd be better?
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin' together

[E.D.I.:]

We on a mission for mo', gangsta shit on you hoes
We ain't fuckin' with you most
Just crooks and niggas about they flow
Tryin' to live Godzilla
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy to an anybody killer
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand, stand firm
Nuts and my pride, now let's burn
Bound to the fam going down swingin'
Holding my ground, now we the last ones breathin'
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches
So many killings it's senseless
So in this life I lead, I stay protected
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm
Now all my hustlin' motherfuckers, get your money, sing along

[2Pac:]

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[2Pac:]

This motherfuckin' life I lead, nigga
You know what time it is
Westside, Death Row
(Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer
Bad Boy killer, So So Def killer
Thug Life, Death Row
E'rybody killer; fuck all y'all niggas!
If it ain't Westside, nigga, it ain't poppin'
That's on my mama

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

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